

Honeybee

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Honeybee by TheEmcee

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Summary:

Patrick had never given love much of a thought. There was always an exception to every rule. Apparently, Victor Criss was that exception.

Honeybee

Author's Note:

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A/N: As much as I love Henry with Vic, I have to admit that I prefer Patrick with Vic. I don't even know why. Anyway, I've had the itch to write something, so here it is. The song is 'Honeybee' by Steam Powered Giraffe. If you haven't heard of them, I highly recommend them because they are fantastic. Feel free to leave a comment in the towel section down below and enjoy.

~...~

Honeybee

~...~

'You didn't have to look my way.

Your eyes still haunt me to this day.

But you did. Yes, you did.

You didn't have to say my name.

Ignite my circuits and start a flame,

But you did.'

~...~

Patrick had never really given love and romance a thought. Why would he? What could love ever do for him? Make him feel warm and fuzzy? Beating the shit out of people did that for him. Making people shiver with fear and do their best to avoid him at all costs is what made him feel giddy and happy. Watching the life drain out of an animal's eyes aroused him. Seeing pain clearly written on his victim's face got him off. There was nothing better than watching the

fear in people's eyes turn to pain as Patrick did things to them that made Henry Bowers look like a kitten.

However, there is usually an exception to every rule and that applied to Patrick as well.

He would never admit it out loud. Even admitting it to himself was difficult for him to do. Patrick loathed himself for having an exception to begin with; he hated having a weakness of any kind. He was unmatched and he knew it. So did Henry; that was the main reason why Patrick found himself a part of his gang. While Henry wasn't as smart as Patrick was, he wasn't stupid either. Keeping Patrick on his side has been his smartest move to date. Henry was just lucky that he amused Patrick more than annoyed him.

That, and had it not been for Henry, Patrick would have never gotten as close to Vic as he was now.

Victor 'Vic' Criss was someone who had managed to fascinate Patrick since day one and had captured his attention effortlessly. He was the smartest book wise of their little gang, and he was also the shortest and the smallest. But Vic had a fiery temper that made Patrick's heart stop and he had a glare that could stop anyone dead in their tracks. The first time Patrick had witnessed Vic's cold gaze he was awestruck. Although the glare hadn't been directed at him, Patrick had enjoyed it all the same and had gotten the hardest boner from that look than he had gotten from anything else.

But it was the very first time that Vic had glared at him with those brown eyes that held both fire and ice in them that Patrick had fallen hard and fast for the blonde.

He couldn't recall why Vic had leveled that gaze at him, but Patrick would never forget the rest of it. Victor stormed up to him and was seething, eyes a blaze and furious, venomous words pouring from his mouth like a raging river, and one slim finger jabbing Patrick in his chest. All Patrick could think about was how beautiful Vic looked when he was angry and how his body was reacting to him. No one and nothing had ever managed to make his dick so hard that it actually fucking hurt. His had been rushing through his veins and his heart had thundered deafeningly in his ears. That was how Patrick

knew he was in love.

The more Vic yelled and bitched at him, the happier Patrick became. Whatever Vic had been saying went in one ear and out the other; just hearing his voice, full of anger and fire, was enough for Patrick. When it became too much for him to bear anymore, Patrick shut Vic up quite effectively by kissing him. It was a hard kiss, with no real affection or tenderness, just violence and passion.

Vic made a surprised sound which was muffled by Patrick's lips and he initially tried to push away from him. Patrick wouldn't have any of that. His arms wrapped around Vic and forced their bodies together. The blonde's struggle in his arms only served to arouse him further and the teeth that bit at his lips made Patrick's heart soar and sing. Eventually, Vic gave in and accepted Patrick's forced kisses and pets and even began to return them hesitantly by the time Patrick started to pull away from him.

Both of them were panting and had bruised, bloodied lips. Patrick licked at his, enjoying the tangy coopery taste of his own blood. Seeing his blood on Vic's lips and teeth made his chest swell with pride and giddiness.

From that day on, Vic was his.

~...~

'Oh, Turpentine erase me whole

(Cause I) don't want to live my life alone.

(Well I) was waiting for you all my life.

Oh...

Why...

Set me free, my...honeybee.'

~...~

Patrick could honestly say that yes, he was crazy. He thrived off of

causing people pain, seeing them suffer, watching them in pain, and hearing their sniveling cries and wails. Animals didn't give him as much of a thrill anymore as people did, but he still hunted them, hurt them, did unthinkable things to them because he didn't want to go to prison for killing people. Before, he hadn't really cared about that; he just did whatever the fuck he wanted to.

To an extent, Patrick still did what he wanted to, but he did his best to reign himself in now because of Vic.

Vic was the voice of reason in their group. He still enjoyed tormenting other kids and causing mischief and trouble like the rest of them, but he did his best to keep things from going too far. He cared for Belch, Henry, and Patrick more than anyone else in his life, parents included, so much so that Patrick found himself becoming jealous whenever Vic paid too much attention to Belch or Henry.

It was incredibly difficult at times because Vic was exceptionally close to Henry. They had been friends forever, with Belch joining them later in elementary school and Patrick becoming fully invested in the gang relatively recently. While Patrick egged Henry on and pushed him to go even farther with his torture of the other kids, Vic tried to quell his rage and torment. Before Patrick had kissed Vic and started their odd little relationship, he had thoroughly enjoyed countering Vic's attempts at keeping Henry sane. Now, however, Patrick found himself less invested in driving Henry deeper into the realm of insanity and more in antagonizing Vic.

Patrick would do and say things that he knew would piss Vic off, like going after other kids who so much as looked at Vic and pummeling anyone who made a pass at him. One kid he almost beat to death with his bare hands for touching Vic's shoulder in the hallway. It took Vic, Henry, and Belch to pull Patrick off of the kid, whose face resembled mashed hamburger by the end of it all. Vic didn't like Patrick going after people who were 'harmless', but Patrick did it anyway because people needed to learn not to touch or look at what was his. And Vic was his. In all honesty, Vic should be thanking Patrick for letting Henry and Belch share him. Patrick could very well take Henry and Belch easily and win. He knew it and so did the others.

“Why do you do that?” Vic has asked him several times, usually after he had yelled at Patrick for going after someone or for blatantly threatening them.

“Do what?” Patrick would always reply with a sly grin on his face. He knew that playing dumb always pissed Vic off. That was why he did it and often.

“Beat the crap out of other kids just for breathing on me?” Vic would say, sometimes through gritted teeth if he was still mad or with a heavy sigh if his anger was dwindling.

“Because you’re mine, Vic. And I don’t like people touching, looking at, or breathing on what’s mine,” Patrick has told him each and every time, always with a murderous glint in his eyes.

“I’m not a piece of meat, Patrick,” Victor has said time and time again, sometimes with a snarl of offense and menace and sometimes with suspicion and weariness.

“Of course you’re not, babydoll. You’re mine,” Patrick would say with a bright, innocent smile. At that point, Vic would either growl and try to punch him or he would shake his head, huff out a laugh, and try his best not to smile.

Both of them knew that Patrick was never going to change how he was. He was never going to go from ‘bad guy’ to ‘good guy’; he was always going to be intimidating and threatening. Beating the shit out of people and threatening their lives would always be his way because Patrick was unmatched in their small, shitty town. But as long as Patrick was more amused by someone than volatile towards them, they were, for the most part, safe. Henry, for example, was safe for now, as was Belch. So long as neither of them tried to take Vic away from him, they would go unharmed. The same was applied to everybody else, but not everybody knew the extent that Patrick was willing to go to to keep what was his.

But Patrick knew, and so did Vic.

~...~

'You didn't have to smile at me.

Your grin's the sweetest that I've ever seen.

But you did. Yes, you did.

You didn't have to offer your hand,

Cause since I've kissed it I am at your command.

But you did.

Oh, Turpentine erase me whole

(Cause I) don't want to live my life alone.

(Well I) was waiting for you all my life.

Oh...

Why...

Set me free, my...honeybee.'

~...~

For the most part, though, Patrick behaved himself. Vic preferred him to stay out of trouble and as much as he loved seeing his blonde angry and furious, Patrick also loved getting laid. Not only was Vic breathtaking, but he was so utterly good at sucking dick. He knew how to make Patrick squirm and pant and practically beg for release. And his hands were just as good as his mouth. They knew how to work Patrick and mold him to do and say whatever Vic wanted him to. When they fucked, Patrick was mostly in control. Oh, there were plenty of times that Vic would ride him or would play hard to get. No matter what, he always drove Patrick crazy, always made him want more, and he always got what he wanted in the end.

Because as fantastic as Vic was at sucking dick and as wonderful as a lay as he was in bed, Vic had one power over Patrick that the taller

teen both loved and loathed. If he was displeased enough, he would hold out on Patrick and refuse to even look at him, let alone touch him or sleep with him. Those moments were very rare and far between, but they happened enough that Patrick reigned himself in more often than not. At the end of the day, he was still a guy and he tended to think with his dick just as much as he thought with his brain.

One time, Patrick had gone an entire month without so much as a blowjob, and it damn near killed him. And why? Because he had nearly rearranged Richie Tozier's face for insulting Vic. That little twerp could insult Henry, Belch, or Patrick and he wouldn't care, but he had insulted Vic and no one did that and got away with it.

"He's a little twerp. Other people have said worse!" Vic had hissed at Patrick after they had finally left Richie and his stupid little friends alone.

"And they got what they had coming to them," Patrick grumbled, annoyed. He didn't like being hauled up off of his prey before he had finished.

"It's not like we don't give them reason to sling insults," Vic countered angrily. "We all do it."

"He made the mistake of doing it to you," Patrick said. He rolled his shoulders and stood up. One of the things Patrick liked was that he towered over Vic. "How many times do I have to tell you that I won't tolerate that shit?"

"How many times do I have to tell you that I'm not a piece of meat? I can handle things on my own, you know," Vic retorted.

He wasn't lying. Patrick knew that Vic could get himself out of sticky spots. While he was short and small, Vic could fight just as well as Henry and could defend himself just fine. But Patrick couldn't help himself. It angered him when people thought they could look at, speak to, and touch Vic. Vic was his and his alone.

As far as he was concerned, Tozier had it coming to him. Vic, apparently, did not agree and he had refused to talk to or have

anything to do with Patrick for a month. The blonde wouldn't even look at him and it had set Patrick off that he had snapped at everyone who talked to him until Henry had forcefully shoved both him and Vic into a closet at school and told them to 'get their shit together now'.

"I'm my own person," Vic snapped at Patrick after five minutes, literally five minutes, of darkened silence. Patrick, with arms folded across his chest, kept his eyes locked on Vic's form.

"I know that," was all he said.

"I can take care of myself," Vic hissed lowly, his eyes narrowed, his glare now blown and directed solely on Patrick. Normally, this would greatly please Patrick, but considering that he had gone an entire month without so much as being able to talk to Vic, it didn't.

"I know that," Patrick repeated with a low and annoyed tone. Why did Vic feel it was necessary to tell him things he already knew?

"So why do you keep doing things like that?!" Vic all but shouted at him, finally approaching him and getting close enough that their noses were almost touching. Almost.

Instead of answering, Patrick stared steadily at Vic, his eyes never leaving those brown ones that had caught his attention from the start. Patrick couldn't really answer Vic or give him a proper explanation. It was difficult for him to admit to himself that he actually did genuinely care for Vic and that he had a weakness and that Vic was it. Doing so made him feel uncomfortable and pathetic.

Patrick loved insulting the other kids in town and pushing them around. He thrived on beating the living hell out of them and seeing them practically run in terror whenever they saw him walking down the hallway. He enjoyed how he made almost everyone uncomfortable and nervous. Hurting people, causing them pain, and seeing their faces contort in agony and despair made his blood boil in pleasure.

But the mere thought of doing that to Vic or of other people doing that to Vic filled Patrick with a rage that was difficult to control. The

mere thought of someone putting their unworthy hands on Vic, of whispering words into his ears, and possibly stealing Vic away from him caused venom to seep from every pore of his body. Patrick hated to admit that he loved something that wasn't pain or blood or torture, but he did love Vic. It was something he would never say out loud, but he knew that it was true.

Yes, Vic could take care of himself; he could fight his own battles; he could defend himself just fine. Even if he needed backup, Henry and Belch were almost always nearby. Perhaps, and he never thought it would come to this, perhaps Patrick was afraid. For the first time in his life, perhaps he was afraid, afraid of losing Vic. Patrick didn't fear anyone in Derry or anything. He was the reason other kids trembled in fear at school.

Without ever noticing it, Victor Criss had wormed his way underneath Patrick Hockstetter's skin and had taken refuge in his heart. That was truly an accomplishment, something that no one had ever been able to do. To an extent, Vic had even managed to reign in Patrick and temper his violent tendencies. It occurred to him that he was weaker than he thought and although he didn't like that, the thought of Vic never talking to him again or touching him again was even worse.

Something in his gaze must have given Vic some sort of hint as to what he was feeling, because Patrick heard Vic sigh softly. He felt more than saw Vic's shoulders slump. Whatever Vic saw made him admit defeat. That was almost enough to make Patrick feel better.

"I'm sorry," Vic told him softly. He genuinely looked like he was, and he should be. Getting Patrick to second guess himself was quite a feat, and Vic had accomplished it with ease.

"You...genuinely care about me, don't you?" Vic ventured to ask with slight hesitancy. Patrick still didn't say anything, but he looked at Vic like he was a fucking retard.

"Stupid question," Vic muttered.

"You think?" Patrick finally said. He unfolded his arms and put his hands in his pockets.

“You’re never going to stop, are you?” said Vic.

“No. I do what I want. If I want to beat the shit out of a guy for touching you, I will,” Patrick told him. “I’d do the same to Henry if he put any moves on you. You know that.”

“I do. Would it help if I tell you that I don’t see Henry in that light? Or anyone else for that matter?” Vic said.

Patrick didn’t answer. He wasn’t going to admit that yeah, okay, knowing that Vic wasn’t going anywhere was reassuring and it did make him feel just a little bit better. However...

“You owe me a blowjob,” Patrick said. Vic laughed at that.

“Is that all you think about? Me sucking your dick?” he said.

“Well, you are really good at it,” Patrick said. Seeing Vic laugh and smile was calming Patrick down and the tension slowly started to release from his shoulders. “Plus, you made me go a month without any. That’s a punishment I wouldn’t force upon my worst enemy.”

“No, you’d do worse,” Vic replied.

“I would,” Patrick agreed, a sly grin crossing his face.

“Are you two done yet? I’m tired of standing here like a fucking moron,” Henry’s voice interjected. Vic looked at Patrick, his smile gone. Patrick was sad to see it go; Vic looked gorgeous when he smiled.

“Yeah, we’re good,” Vic said.

~...~

‘Hello, goodbye, t’was nice to know you.

How I find myself without you

That I’ll never know.

I let myself go.

Hello, goodbye, I'm rather crazy

And I never thought I was crazy

But what do I know?

I let myself go.'

~...~

"You're insane," Vic told him in between kisses.

Patrick had him pinned to the wall and was kissing him fervently. He had just beaten the ever loving shit Mike Fritz, a stupid little cunt who thought that it would be funny to slam Vic into the lockers in the boys' locker room. Henry had thrown Mike into the showers before the couch had stopped things from getting any further. When Henry told Patrick what had happened, Patrick's blood ran cold. He knew what he would do: he made Mike Fritz eat the pavement.

"Yeah, I am," Patrick replied with a smile before he devoured Vic's lips.

No one pushed Vic around. Hadn't anyone in school, in town even, been told that the Bowers' gang was bad news? What gave their fellow classmates the idea that it was okay to go after even one of them, especially if that one was Vic? How many people would Patrick have to put in the hospital to get it through the thick skulls of these morons to leave what was his alone?

"Your hands," was all Vic could get out before Patrick silenced him with the grinding of his hips and his fierce, unforgiving lips.

Mike Fritz had put up a good fight, Patrick had to admit that. He was on the football team and he was no pussy; he had proven that when he pushed Vic into the lockers. But in the end, he was no match for Patrick. And it had been a long time since Patrick had slugged someone hard enough to cause the skin on his knuckles to bust open. To the average person, such an injury would probably hurt. For Patrick, it only served to excite him and, naturally, he had to visit Vic.

“They’re fine,” Patrick assured Vic.

Vic was only in his underwear while Patrick still had his jeans on. His hands travelled all over the blonde’s lithe body, reveling in the soft skin he felt beneath his fingertips. Every moan and gasp caused a surge of giddiness to spark throughout Patrick’s body. He loved eliciting those little sounds from Vic just as much as he loved those hands clawing at his bare back. There would be red welts on it tomorrow and the very thought only made Patrick grow harder, if that was even possible.

“Patrick...” Vic sighed as the last of his clothing was removed.

Patrick’s hands squeezed his ass hard, causing Vic to jerk up against him. Vic unbuttoned Patrick’s jeans and pushed as far down as he could before his hands were pinned above his head by one of Patrick’s hands. They were both naked and rutting against each other. In that moment, nothing felt better to Patrick. Whatever injuries Mike had given him were far from his mind at this point. All he could think about was Vic.

Preparing Vic didn’t take too long. Their actions were repetitious, but that didn’t matter. What mattered was how tight Vic always felt around Patrick’s cock and how he would clench around him deliciously. What mattered was how Vic clung to him, his fingernails digging into his back hard enough to make him bleed. What mattered was Vic chanting his name over and over and over again.

What mattered was that Vic was his, only his, and no one else’s.

Patrick fiercely kissed Vic, all teeth and tongue and blood from his split lip while he fucked him unapologetically against the wall of his bedroom. He didn’t care if his parents heard him. Even if they did, they wouldn’t care about what he was doing or who he was doing. Either way it didn’t matter to him. He was so close, so close.

All too soon, Patrick was coming deep inside Vic’s body, his body tense and rigid as he rode out his orgasm. Vic was all but limp in his arms, his semen smeared across both of their stomachs, having come mere seconds before Patrick. They kissed again, a lot less violent and passionate, just lips caressing against lips instead of teeth nipping and

biting. Vic ran his thumb over Patrick's lower lip, where it was split.

"You should get cleaned up," he said. Patrick smiled down at him.

"Later," he replied. His cock twitched, he was half hard again. He wanted to go another round before he took a shower.

"You're impossible," Vic sighed, laughing lightly. But he looked completely satisfied and just as eager as Patrick was. The taller teen merely shrugged.

"Yeah," was all he said.

"And crazy," Vic added.

"Oh, most definitely," Patrick said, still smiling.

"This time, we're doing it on the bed," Vic told him. Patrick carried Vic to his bed, grinning at him wolfishly.

Romance still wasn't a big deal to him. He still enjoyed hurting people and causing them pain. However, there was one thing Patrick loved even more than pounding someone's face in with his fists or seeing them run in the other direction whenever he walked down a hallway at school and that was Victor Criss. Vic was his and his alone. Patrick would make sure of that.